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Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.



Best silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mir'h's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,
these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purring foun-
tains!

Which we may every year
Find when we come a fishing here.

RALEIGH'S POEMS.

THE rustic scene of the above Engraving is entitled to some celebrity as the birthplace of that distinguished warrior, statesman, and writer, SIR WALTER RALEIGH. —It is a well-conditioned farm-house, called *Hayes*, in the parish of East Budleigh, near Exmouth, in Devonshire. Here Raleigh was born, in the year 1552. His family was ancient and respectable; and though not wealthy, sent him to Oriel College, Oxford, where he was soon distinguished for the vivacity of his genius, and the variety of his attainments.

With the leading events of Raleigh's life our readers must be familiar; inasmuch as he is one of the great men of history, and perhaps one of the most attractive figures on the historical canvass of his time. At present we, therefore, leave the splendour of his courtly life,

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and all the glorious pomp and circumstance of his deeds, to the biographer: but our recollections of the literary life of Sir Walter Raleigh lead us into a train of reflection, which is more congenial with the rural repose of his birthplace. The production of his principal work, "The History of the World," is cited by the ingenious Editor of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*,* as a remarkable instance of "Devotion to Knowledge in Imprisonment." The whole passage relating to Raleigh in the above work is, indeed, so well told, that we have great pleasure in extracting it:

"A name which naturally suggests itself to us under this head, is that of our celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Raleigh, whose 'History of the World' is perhaps the greatest literary work ever accomplished under the circumstances we are now considering. He was one of those rare and wonderful men who, supereminently endowed both with the reflective and active powers, seem equally qualified to distinguish themselves in studious solitude and on

* "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." Part II. just published.

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the theatre of affairs. His life was a busy one from his earliest years, having been passed chiefly in the camp and on ship-board, amid the toils and agitations of war, and every other variety of daring and hazardous adventure. Yet thus occupied, it was his custom to spend four hours every day in reading and study, only five being given to sleep. The duties of his situation, and the exercises he underwent to improve himself in his profession, employed the rest of his time. The first part of his 'History of the World' appeared when its illustrious author was sixty-two years of age, having been written in the Tower, to which he had been consigned more than ten years before, after a trial on a charge of high treason, which violated all the customary forms of legal procedure, as well as the rules of natural justice. All the time during which he was employed in composing the work, he was lying under that sentence of death which, a few years after his book was finished, was carried into execution by a singularly barbarous perversion of law. He had in the interim, as is well known, been not only liberated from confinement, but restored to public employment, and thus, by implication at least, pardoned, when advantage was taken of his condemnation fifteen years before to destroy him for his commission of certain other alleged offences, for which he was never brought to trial. Yet, although at last the victim of an iniquitous conspiracy, it was his own immoderate ambition that led this great man to his ruin. But for this "infirmity of noble minds," he was one of the very chief glories of an age crowded with towering spirits. His History is very precious as one of the classical works of our language: exhibiting in its style one of the most perfect models we possess of that easy, but vigorous and graphic eloquence, which testifies both the learning of the scholar, and a mind fertilized by converse with the living world. It was the largest, but not the only literary performance, with which he occupied the hours of his long imprisonment of twelve years—a period of his life during which he may be said, through these labours, to have earned his best and most enduring renown."

Mr. Britton, in his very interesting *Memoirs of the Tower*, also recently published, thus speaks of this period:

"The disgrace of Somerset, and consequent elevation of Villiers, gave Sir Walter Raleigh, who still remained a prisoner in the Tower, and had shortly before published his 'History of the

World,' written in that fortress, an opportunity of recovering his freedom, by bribing the new favourite. This was effected in March, 1616; and when Sir Walter gained his liberty, he is reported to have said, that 'the whole history of the world had not the like precedent, of a king's prisoner to purchase freedom, and his bosom favourite to have the halter, except in scripture, in the case of Mordecai and Haman.' To this the king is said to have replied, 'Raleigh might die in that deceit!'—an observation which in the sequel was fully verified."

Raleigh's *Poetical Works* abound with many passages of "linked sweetness." His love of the country was enthusiastic. Thus he says—

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow;
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Again, in a more playful vein—

Shall I like a hermit dwell,
In a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.

* * * * *
No: she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too,
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
That if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.

Who can forget the pleasant quaintness of his—

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joys, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation:
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

An epitome of the Age of Man, to be found in his Poems, though somewhat over-tinged with luconism, has much interest for certain readers—

Man's life's a tragedy: his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is his tiring room;
This spacious earth the theatre, and the stage
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,
Folly and Vice, are actors: the first cry
The Prologue to th' ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows;
The second, he to more perfection grows;
I' the third he is a man, and doth begin
To mature vice, and act the deeds of sin:
I' the fourth declines: i' th' fifth diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his Epilogue.

His *Counsels to his Son* contain wisdom and world-knowledge for all gene-

rations ; but the calm and virtuous state of mind of Sir Walter Raleigh was perhaps never more beautifully displayed than in the following, written the night before his death—

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust !

A finer epitaph, perhaps, never yet shone on fair marble : the vanity of life, and the divine consolation of hope, invest these few lines with a never-fading, an undying interest.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN your description of the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, in the *Mirror* (No. 404), I perceive you have availed yourself of an account which is rather imperfect for the present day. I will, therefore, with your leave, briefly state the additions and improvements recently made in that building.

In the first place, adjoining the transit-room eastward, is the circle-room, containing two mural circles, each three feet radius. The one facing the east, and made by Troughton, is divided on *platina*, and is furnished with six microscopes, attached to the stone pier, for reading off the observations to the tenth part of a second of space ; and a fine achromatic telescope, six feet focal length, and furnished with a micrometer, is fixed to the circle. The other circle, which faces the west, and is constructed in every respect like the former, is divided on gold, by T. Jones, of Charing-cross, and is likewise furnished with a six-feet telescope and six microscopes.

These two instruments require two observers, as they are always used simultaneously—together with a third, who presides at the transit instrument.—There is also a noble telescope, ten feet focal length, and five inches aperture, made by Troughton ; the object-glass by Dolland. The clock employed for the right ascensions, is one of Hardy's, of unrivalled workmanship, and cost 200*l*.

The old eight-feet transit is now suspended upon the wall, by the side of Flamstead's.

Beyond the circle-room is the library, containing a large collection of valuable books, connected with astronomy and mathematics ; and the chronometer-room, wherein are deposited the marine

time-keepers, belonging to the Admiralty, and the *trial* chronometers, which are placed there, pursuant to the directions of the late Board of Longitude—the best going watch being entitled, after a year's rate, to a reward of 300*l*., and the second best 200*l*.

In the quadrant-room, besides the two quadrants, hangs the large zenith sector, by which Dr. Bradley discovered the aberration of light. It must be stated, however, that the accuracy of the mural circles has superseded the use of the quadrants and the zenith sector.

In the eastern dome, the old equatorial sector, by Sissor, has long since been removed, and a fine instrument (equatorial), by Ramsden, substituted. This invaluable instrument was presented to the Observatory in the year 1811, by Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn, Bart.

The instruments in the great octagon-room consist chiefly of telescopes ; a ten feet reflector, and seven-feet reflector, both by Herschell ; together with clocks, pendulums, theodolites, and a variety of smaller instruments, &c.

The observations are now published every quarter, and are made under the direction of the Astronomer Royal, who superintends the whole. There are likewise six assistants, on regular salaries, appointed, to take the observations, and make the computations necessary, for the final results. They relieve each other in their respective duties, that no interruption may take place, in fine clear evenings and nights, during the observations.

J. H.

Assistant at the Royal Observatory,
Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

EVENING SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALES OF THE BROCKEN.

(For the Mirror.)

"We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path, the moon above us, blending with the evening lights ; and every now and then a Nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or other commonly answered, and said, as we supposed, 'It is yet somewhat too early,' for the song was not continued."—*Journey over the Brocken*, vide *Amulet*, 1829.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S CALL.

Ev'ry leaflet on each bough
Hangs, disposed for slumber now ;
Shadows dim the wood and sheen,
Glow-worms glint among the green,
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce the ling'ring sun hath set,
Somewhat 'tis too early yet.

CALL.

Ruby tints and golden dyes,
Long have faded from the skies;
By the pale and dreamy moon,
Lovers will be wand'ring soon;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce with dew the turf is wet,
It is all too early yet.

CALL.

Axes through the wood no more
Rend our bowers, toil is o'er,
Wearied man hath sunk to rest,
Eden dreams the sad have blest;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce the watch of folds is set,
Somewhat 'tis too early yet.

CALL.

Long hath ceas'd the wether-bell,
And each bird-voic'd pipe as well,
Whilst the moon-w'd watch-dog's bay
Seems to wail departed day;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

We will sing, when fays are met,
It is all too early yet.

M. L. B.

IMPROMPTU TO THE MEMORY OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

JUST is the tribute of poetic praise,
To those called hence in life's meridian blaze;
To him whose "beauty-breathing" touch hath
giv'n

To mortal semblances, the look of Heav'n!
Imperishably writ will be thy name
Lawrence! few mightier in the lists of fame;
Not e'en a Titian's, nor a Raphael's mind,
For all their wond'rous powers in thee combined,
Whether in infant innocence displayed,
Or painting manhood's brow of deeper shade,
Or woman's love—for then thy genius fired,
Broke forth in soft luxuriant tints attired;
Warm from the canvass all thy beauties start,
To charm the eye, and captivate the heart.

C. H.

The Novelist.

GRANAWAILE.

An Amazonian Record.

(For the Mirror.)

THE romance of *real* life frequently exceeds
in an extraordinary degree, the studied nove-
ties of fiction.

THE voice of revelry was heard within
the walls of Howth Castle—a fortress,
the site of which is yet distinguishable
on the coast of the harbour of Howth,
amidst the various alterations and inter-
polations to which it has been subjected.

It was, in the sixteenth century, a very
strong place, and deemed, on account of
its ditches, ramparts, flanking towers,
and bastions, almost impregnable;—
besides which, the tried valour of Lord
Howth's retainers, who garrisoned it,
and their devotion to his cause, was
well known. Revelry reigned now
within the baronial hall of Howth Cas-
tle, and a deafening storm wildly raged
without; but little recked the heroes
of pike, long-bow, and arquebuss, &c.,
for the angry yelling of the winds, and
the furious dashing of the frothy waves,
whilst they enjoyed the free circulation
of the black-jack, the tale, and the song.
A fierce and piercing blast, however,
from the warder's horn, and several
weighty blows falling rapidly upon the
massy nail-studded outer portal of the
Castle, aroused the attention of the
wassailers; and one of them, dispatched
by the Earl to inquire who intruded
upon the privacy of the Castle dinner-
hour, returned with a message to this
purport:

"Granawaile of Ireland, Queen of
the Western Isles, having, upon her de-
parture from the Court of Elizabeth of
England, been driven by stress of wea-
ther into the harbour and port of Howth,
demanded of the Lord of the Manor, as
a leal knight, succour and hospitality."

The Earl, enraged at the lack of
etiquette and deference towards himself,
which he fancied, or rather was willing
to fancy, observable in the message of
Granawaile, and little heeding the con-
sequences which might ensue from ex-
asperating the formidable Queen of the
West, bade his henchman return this
answer to the envoy of her Majesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath a
law, from which he cannot depart:
therefore, to the greatest potentate in
the universe, could he not open the gates
of his fortress whilst he dines. Queen
Granawaile is welcome to his hospitality
if she will condescend to wait for it."

The reception which this answer to
her request met with from the high-
spirited Semiramis of Erin may easily
be surmised; and vowing that the in-
solent Earl should drink the last drop of
her blood, ere she ate a morsel of his
bread, she ordered the driving vessels, if
possible, to be moored, resolving, should
the sea spare herself and little fleet, to
reconnoitre Castle Howth on the mor-
row, and plan its effectual destruction.
Great as was the danger of being run
a-ground on a lee shore, Granawaile's
men, fired at the insult offered to their
celebrated and beloved Queen, succeed-
ed in performing her commands, and

trusted that close reefing and stout cables would enable them to weather the blast, should its violence not increase, during the night. Providentially, the storm ere morning had not only considerably abated, but the wind had veered round to a quarter extremely favourable for the Queen's return. Granawaile was not, however, to be deterred from her stern purpose, even by the precarious nature of a fair wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrepid heroine, accompanied by a naval and military officer, surveying, with scientific eye, the exterior of that massy fortification, of which the interior had been so rudely denied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder situation for the arquebussiers would be terrible to us. The height and steepness of that scarp, and the depth of the ditch, is almost inconceivable: a sharp fire from such ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off the waters. But let us land our troops here; give us the advantage of this hill on our right, that woody ravine on our left, and the chapel and village in our rear, and the castle must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered around the walls and outworks of the almost impregnable fortress; and feeling that, though she was formidable on the seas, her martial genius was little able to compete on land with that of those who raised such tremendous fortifications, and knew well how most advantageously to use them, she said, with a sigh, to the admiral of her fleet, "No, Rimbauld, it will never do; we must draw the insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps you will teach him, at a trifling expense, better manners; but to attack the bravo in such a strong hold is impossible!"

"How now, my little fellow!" continued she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively countenance and brilliant eyes shone a sense and spirit above his years, "What! at play so early!—why you have well filled your cap with stones, shells, and sea-weed, whilst the eyes of many are not yet open."

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child, "I ought not to go by myself further than the angle of yon bastion, but have stolen out of bounds this morning, to look at those strange ships which were beat about so in the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships, then?"

"Oh, yes—love them!"

"And were you ever in one, my little man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine place, which is to be mine, would go to my cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage; and, after a little cajolery on the part of herself and the officers, persuaded the young heir of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the finest of those ships," which he was so anxious to see; but no sooner had he stepped on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the signal to weigh anchor was given; and the vessels, slipped from their moorings, sailed "homeward bound" from the harbour in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of her bold abduction of the heir of Howth, was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl, of whose advancing armament she had, some months afterwards, a full view from the turrets of her favourite castle, which commanded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast expanse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around Clare Island, at such intervals as were permitted by the nature of the coast, in order to oppose Lord Howth's landing, should he attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet to proceed to the scene of action and form for the engagement. She had now the satisfaction of observing the Earl's squadron considerably a-head of Achill Isle, and making for the Bay, where, with her principal maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared for his reception. Granawaile then slipped the cables of some of her favourite vessels, which were always coiled round the posts of her own bed when in harbour; and her naval officers, who had been previously instructed, commenced at this signal their preparations for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily collected, was not deficient either in strength or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin rendering the equipment of a tolerable fleet no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay, an envoy was dispatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demanding the restoration of his son, "by her unlawfully abducted and detained, &c.; in default of which restoration, accorded in peace and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth, held himself in readiness to give battle," &c. &c.

To which defiance Granawaile replied in his own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath a law, from which she cannot depart: therefore could she not restore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, his son, unless he complied with her own conditions."

"Oh, never!" cried the impetuous Earl, "never will I—can I—bend me to a woman's will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signifying his determination, his fleet immediately formed in line of battle, and was imitated by that of the Princess—so that the rival armaments now stood opposed to each other, and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl appeared that of Granawaile, distinguished from the rest by its gala array: and—oh! sight of unutterable anguish to a father's heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth lashed to the main-mast of *The Queen's Carrack!*

In a state bordering upon desperation, the Earl dispatched to Granawaile a flag of truce; and, requiring the meaning of so cowardly an act, entreated the removal of his son ere the commencement of the engagement.

The wily heroine replied that "she was guilty of no cowardly act; but, being Queen in her own dominions, would indubitably dispose of her prisoners as she thought proper; and that it was optional with the Earl of Howth to become the murderer of his own child, or to reclaim him without the effusion of blood, by acceding to her terms, which were these:—"That the gates of Howth Castle should stand open now, and for ever, at the hours of meals; and that its lords should never refuse hospitality to the stranger who sought it there." Granawaile added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen minutes after the reception of this message to consider of it; but that, should he then refuse to come to terms, she would fire the first shot herself, follow it by a broadside, and expect him to have the spirit and gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deliberate; in a few minutes the colours of his lordly fleet were lowered to those of Granawaile, the Amazon of the Western Isles: who, with all the generosity and tenderness of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to save life far more heroic than the expenditure of a thousand volleys to destroy it! And in a short space, the darling son, whose account of Granawaile's kindness to him during his captivity ensured for her the Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was locked in the arms of his anxious and idolizing father.*

M. L. B.

* The leading incidents of this tale are strictly historical, though not, we have understood, generally known to English readers.

The Anecdote Gallery.

LORD BYRON.

[We have scrapped "here a little and there a little" from Mr. Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*. Our selections are so many epigrammatic anecdotes, and remind us of Addison's comparison—"An anecdote bears the same relation to history and biography, that an epigram bears to an epic poem, or a proverb to a moral discourse."]

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to reside for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of H*, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a *white hat* and a *gray coat*, and rode a *gray horse* (as he says himself), took me into his good graces, because I had written some poetry.

"One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out of the way places. Somebody popped upon him—in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to dine with his *hat on*. This he called his '*hat-house*,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge, for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening—

"Ah me! What perils do environ
The man who meddles with *hot Hiron*."

He was also of that band of profane scoffers, who, under the auspices of * * *, used to rouse Lord Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort*—good *Lort*, deliver us!'—(Lort was his christian name.)

"You don't know D—s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned. Lord forgive me for using such a word!—but the pit, sir, you know, the pit—they will do those things, in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury-lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident

Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D—— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now, was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it.—Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth 300,000*l.*, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

Of Grattan, Lord Byron says—"I have heard that when Grattan made his first speech in the English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and 'thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance,' in a way irresistibly ludicrous."

"M * * (of indifferent memory) was dining out the other day, and complaining of the P—e's coldness to his old wassailers. D' * * (a learned Jew) bored him with questions—why this? and why that?—'Why did the P—e act thus?'—'Why, sir, on account of Lord * *, who ought to be ashamed of himself.' 'And why ought Lord * * to be ashamed of himself?'—'Because the P—e, sir, * * * * *.' 'And why, sir, did the P—e cut you?'—'Because, * * * d—mme, sir, I stuck to my principles.' 'And why did you stick to your principles?'

"There is an American life of G. F. Cooke, *Scurra* deceased, lately published, Such a book!—I believe, since Drunken Barnaby's Journal, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and latterly, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous—first, that a man should live so long drunk; and next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless; but the pints he swallowed and the parts he performed are too regularly registered.

"Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea, who followed the Arab keeper like a dog, the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione!—There was a 'hippopotamus,' like Lord L—— in the face; and the 'Ursine Sloth' hath the very voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—*trunked* a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here*: the sight of the camel made me pine again for Asia Minor. 'Oh quando te aspiciam?'

"Murray has had a letter from his brother Bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says 'he is lucky in having such a poet'—something as if one was a pack-horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his;' or, like Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, 'Laws, sir, we keeps a Poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript, 'The *Harold* and *Cookery* are much wanted.' Such is fame, and, after all, quite as good as any other 'life in other's breath.' 'Tis much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More.

"Some editor of some Magazine has announced to Murray his intention of abusing the thing '*without reading it*.' So much the better; if he redde it first, he would abuse it more."

"The scenes I had to go through!—the authors and the authoresses, and the milliners, and the wild Irishmen,—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in upon me! to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. * * * * *'s father, an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, called upon me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better),—Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or production,—Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a

pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cackinnation."

"Yesterday (Oct. 30, 1815) I dined out with a largish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of C. G., and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Dr. Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a — corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

"Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation. Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman, who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air,' called reason,

"He, the watchman, found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible. 'Who are you, sir?'—no answer. 'What's your name?'—a hiccup. 'What's your name?'—Answer, in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone—'Wilberforce!!!' Is not that Sherry all over?—and, to my mind, excellent. Poor fellow, *his* very dregs are better than the 'first sprightly runnings' of others.

"When dying, he was requested to undergo 'an operation'. He replied, that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture!'

"When I met H * * * L * *, the jailer, at Lord Holland's, before he sailed for St. Helena, the discourse turned on the battle of Waterloo. I asked him whether the dispositions of Napoleon were those of a great general? He answered, disparagingly, 'that they were

very simple.' I had always thought that a degree of simplicity was an ingredient of greatness.

"Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination!—there never was any thing like it that ever I saw or heard of. His *published* life—his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said that Piron was an epigrammatic machine."

In his Memoranda there were equally enthusiastic praises of Curran. "The riches," said he, "of his Irish imagination, were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written—though I saw him seldom and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madame de Staël, at Mackintosh's;—it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone; and they were both so — ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences.

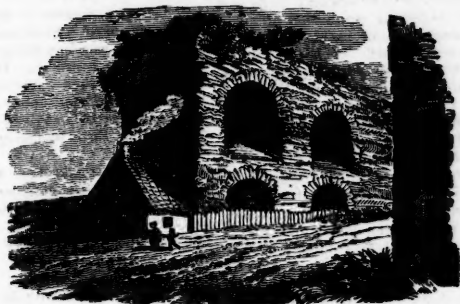
In another part, however, he was somewhat more fair to Madame de Staël's personal appearance:—"Her figure was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul, and so forth. She would have made a great man."

" * * * (commonly called *long* * * *, a very clever man, but odd) complained to our friend Scrope B. Davies, in riding, that he had a *stitch* in his side. 'I don't wonder at it,' said Scrope, 'for you ride like a tailor.' Whoever had seen * * * on horseback, with his very tall figure on a small nag, would not deny the justice of the repartee.

"When B * * * was obliged (by that affair of poor M * *, who thence acquired the name of 'Dick the Dandy-killer'—it was about money, and debt, and all that) to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French, he responded, 'that Brummell had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *Elements*.'

"I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery,' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffoneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."

The Janua Wall, Leicester.



THIS ruin is a curious and valuable specimen of building practised by the Romans; but the uses for which it was designed will most probably ever elude research. It is supposed that it was a temple of the Roman *Janus*; or the *Janua*, a great gateway of the Roman town. The latter seems chiefly supported by the assertion of the learned Leman, that the line of the *Fosse*, having joined the *Via Devana*, ran through this spot; but, by examining the arches, no reason can be assigned why a city, not larger than *Rata*, should have a gateway with so many openings; nor does any satisfactory answer occur to the query, why a gate should be placed in what seems to have been the central part of the ancient city;—and, perhaps, all the evidence of the other opinion rests upon the dark sooty coat that encrusts the interior of the arches—an appearance which the smoke of the town would easily produce in one century. Indeed, little can be concluded from the present outside of the work; for, as we cannot conceive that the Romans would have erected so rough an edifice, it must be supposed that the present remains were originally coated over with workmanship more worthy of such polished builders. If, however, we may indulge a conjecture, we shall be led to imagine, from the slight remain of ornament, that this wall was either part of a *Roman temple* or *bath*. However, such an opinion rests, and must rest, on conjecture, since the remains are too scanty to afford sufficient data for a settled opinion.

A cloaca, or Roman sewer, was discovered in 1793, at an equal distance between this ruin and the river, in a direct line towards the latter, which contained many curious fragments of

pottery, some of them impressed with the *Macrini*, *Albinus*, &c.

Leicester, the capital of Leicestershire, is situated nearly in the centre of that county, and is watered by the river *Soar*, formerly *Loir*. What may have been the name of this place before the establishment of the Romans cannot be ascertained. *King Leir*, and whatever surmises may have been founded on the similarity between his name and the present name of the place, may safely be left to those who are more fond of the flights of conjecture than the solid arguments of truth.

After the establishment of the Romans, Leicester became one of their most important stations: it was known by the name of *Rata*, and was a colony composed of the soldiers from the legions, having magistrates, customs, and language, the same as Rome itself. Under the Saxon dynasty it obtained the name of Leicester—compounded of *castrum*, or *cesta*, from its having been a Roman military station; and *leag*, or *lea*, a pasture surrounded by woods, for such was anciently the site of the town. This is most probably the true etymology of the name of this place.

A *milliare*, or Roman mile stone, was discovered by some labourers, about two miles from Leicester, in 1771: antiquarians allow it to be the oldest now extant, in Britain—it is about three feet long, and six in circumference. The *Raw Dike*, just without the town eastwardly, is esteemed by some antiquarians as another Roman labour, and by others a British *cursus*.

In the reign of the Saxon king Athelstan, stood an establishment which, as it related to a privilege exclusively royal, that of *coining money*, has ever been thought to confer honour on the place

where it was allowed to be exercised. It is proved, from the series of coins collected, that money was coined at the *Mint at Leicester*, in regular succession, from Athelstan to Henry II.

Very little is to be seen of the Abbey, and not a vestige of that noble church supposed to have been built by Petronilla, the wife of Robert Blanchmains, and adorned with the pious donation of a braid of her hair, to suspend the lamp in the great choir. Nor has the diligence of the inquiring antiquary been more successful in the discovery of any traces of the tomb of Cardinal Wolsey.

The Castle is a square oblong, seventy-eight feet long, fifty-three broad, and twenty-five high, and was most probably built by the first of the Bellomonts, though the modern front conceals all outward traces of antiquity. This was the hall in which the Dukes of Lancaster held their courts, when they ascended the throne. Leicester, though frequently honoured by their presence, received no permanent benefit; though several parliaments were held there in the reign of Henry VI. The Castle was so dilapidated in the time of Richard III., that that monarch chose rather to sleep at an inn, a few evenings before his fall, than occupy the royal apartments.

SAMUEL MATTHEWS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A FEW OPINIONS FOR 1830.

All mortal things must change, as years decay,
And earth scarce knows herself from day to day.
Her nations take such carnival disguises,
The general mother's bother'd with surprises.
The cossack'd Englishman this lesson teaches,
And so do Mussulmen in tight short breeches.

Filling the realm . . . with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove dangerous."
Shakspeare's Henry VIII.

"TIME," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator;" had he lived in our days, he would have probably written "jacobin." Our annual functions, as the reporters of Time's vagaries, are not of ancient date; yet in this "brief and petty space," the chances and changes, which it has been our duty to set down, are not few. Every following year has exhibited its little revolution, in which public opinion has been as varied and incongruous as a sick man's dream; and if thinking in many different ways be evidence of much thought, the English are, without a sneer, the most thinking

people in the universe. "They that too much reverence old times," continues the philosopher of Verulam, (as if with a prophetic eye to the coming on of one of his latest successors on the woolsack), "are but a scorn of the new;" but he neglected to add such a definition of his terms as would make the axiom available to practice; and there is even yet wanted a Cicero to fix the boundaries between old and new, and by so doing, to fill up a deplorable hiatus in the science of good and evil. In this 1830, the admiration of yesterday is the contempt of to-day: the orthodoxy of the morning, by noon, cools down to indifference; by dinner-time, it sinks to scepticism; and by the time it has been slept upon, degenerates into rank heresy. There is something electric and stormy in the political atmosphere; and opinions, like meat, become tainted and unpalatable at the end of a few hours. Theameleon hues of thought are scarcely "booked," before they "make themselves air, into which they vanish;" so that, to do justice to the subject, our articles, instead of annual, should be monthly, or might, on some special occasions, even require a column in the daily papers. But the daily papers are themselves their own historians, and they exhibit, in their sheets, a series of changes as fitful and evanescent as the lights and shades of an April morn. The fact is, we are living in a general *débâcle* of the human intellect. The frost of fourteen hundred years' duration is broken up; and the fragments of floating ice jostle each other in the current of opinion, and are dashed to pieces in "most admired confusion."

One great certainty at which the public have arrived (and it relieves us from a world of difficulty) concerns the possibility of crossing the Balkan, and the scrape into which friend Nicholas was thought to have involved himself. This time twelvemonths, books were written to prove the Turks the very raw-head and bloody-bones of combatants, pig-headed creatures, whom neither bullets nor bayonets could convince. Plague, pestilence, and famine, it was said, had turned Mahomedan, and had entered into an holy alliance to preserve the crescent on St. Sophia's, if not to plant it on the church of our Lady of Cazan. At present, all these questions are completely at rest; the only thing that puzzles us is to guess at the use which Nicholas will make of the victory; and here again the old friends of the duke have left him in the lurch. It is by no means orthodox to believe in Russian modera-

tion; and there is a sympathy between the High Church party and the Mollahs of Constantinople, that develops an uncommon anxiety for the welfare of the Moslems. The kind-hearted souls would have been delighted to get the Premier into a war for the better sewing-up of ladies in sacks, and for preserving inviolate the privileges of the bow-string, the right and left arms of legitimacy, no matter where the money would come from or who paid the interest of the loans. Unluckily, however, for such speculations, John Bull is greatly cooled on the subject of war, and is not so easily persuaded to draw forth his Andrew Ferrara, as in olden times. National honour has retreated into the breeches-pocket, and frightened at the void it finds there, has a heart "with the fear of Mars before it."

Another undoubted point, upon which opinion is still nearly unshaken, is the perfection of our judicial institutions. Committees of inquiry are indeed held for the form sake, and a few changes may be made, to prove the excellence of what is untouched; but none but a Radical and a Benthamite would say that special-pleading is special lying and special robbery, or would aver that the Chancery is slow in its motions? Does not the proverb (and there is no authority like a proverb) say "slow and sure?" If, therefore, there is nothing so uncertain as a chancery suit, it is clear as crystal that the process, instead of being slow, is even yet by far too rapid. Besides, a decision must always come too soon for a loser; so that one half of the suitors, at least, must prefer things as they are; and the contentment of one half of the world is a good deal, to be vouched in behalf of any system. Then, as for expense, there is no reason why gambling in Lincoln's Inn should be cheaper than at Crockford's, or why an affidavit should not be taxed as heavily as the ace of spades. All people who are in want of money opine that the national circulation is deficient; and the paper manufacturers incline to the same way of thinking. Rowland Stephenson is forgotten by all, except his creditors, who would stake their life upon it that he has left the kingdom, though they are not equally positive respecting the magnitude of his dividend. The gallows is still the shortest road to Heaven, and there is nothing so interesting as an atrocious murder, which puts us in mind that Don Miguel is looking up, and Donna Maria della Gloria in a glorious minority. The Emperor of Austria has put a brother

king's* poems in his Index, because "they show something too liberal," and it is thought that Charles X. will put his *charte* into rhyme, in the hopes of a similar distinction. Some people believe that the knowing ones in the City are speculating on a purchase of the kingdom of Jerusalem; and the orange girls in Leadenhall-street, and the small traders in the Minorities are packing up "their duds" to be off to the East. The saints will subscribe freely, for the better fulfilment of the prophecies. But the best-informed in the Alley have discovered that the king of the Israelites does not think this a few-dicious scheme, and "he sees no profits in it:" the gathering together of the Hebrews would bring on the end of the world, and that, he says, will knock down the stocks. It may, therefore, be safely hazarded for the present, that the kingdom of the Jews is "no go."

No theatre has absolutely fallen on the heads of the performers since our last; but a good many of them are, it is believed, in a tottering condition. The opinion gains ground that the translation of French tragedy into English comedy is not a thriving speculation; and there are those who hold that a more liberal payment and more modest treatment of authors for the stage might raise a biped actor to the level of a horse, and draw more than the elephant. There is a notion that instead of Apollo and the Muses, the Metropolitan theatres should be ornamented with statues of charity children and the blind beggar of Bethnal Green. Have no hesitation in believing that music is very bad for the morals—of common people; probably because alehouse fiddlers do not stop in tune, and because vice is a derangement of the universal harmony of things. For the future, there is a bar put upon the publican's minstrelsy, and no minstrelsy must be heard in the publican's bar. Informers are to take notes of pianos, and not even a jews-harp will be permitted in a Christian's tap. "*Fronti nulla fides*" is the new law of signs; and to sell beer under the invocation of the Cat and Fiddle will be deemed a forfeiture of license. Why should the mob be amused at all? and what right have vulgar fellows to give themselves *airs*? Quere, is it lawful for tea-kettles to sing in a coffee-house? and what would be the consequence of a magistrate *smoking* the pandean pipes

* The King of Bavaria. Some of our papers have considered this royal poet a "sign of the times." Geometrically speaking, he must be only the *versed sign*.

at the Crown and Anchor? At Brighton the general belief is, that the King does not get his health well at Windsor: but the Merry Wives of Windsor are equally sure that sea air is not good for his constitution. Mr. Wyatville, however, (there is a rumour of his being knighted, we believe—if so, Sir Geoffry), builds upon a change of residence, no matter where; and holds nothing so insalubrious as a continued habitation of the same house. A report prevails that Captain Garth is to “lead to the hymeneal altar” Pandora. But it is doubtful whether Hope is at the bottom of his box, now that the rest of its contents are oozing out. Secrets that were to cost £10,000, and £8,000 per annum, “must be secrets worth knowing.” Why the dickens did the Admiralty prosecute Captain Dickinson? It may be credited that his having proved that he rode upon springs in the action, made some folks sit upon thorns. It is believed that Mr. C—, of the Admiralty, has fallen into the Royal Literary Institution and been smothered; that gentleman having been missing for some time. Mr. W. Horton, and the Emigration Committee, have, it is supposed, emigrated to Canada. It is thought a bad augury for Mr. Peel’s new police, that since its establishment whole parishes have lost their watches. Steam-coaches are looking up, and there is no longer fear of their ending in smoke. There is some difference of opinion on the merits of the several systems to be adopted in their service. The horses, in the meanwhile, are down in the mouth, and expect shortly to be left without a bit. Whipcord also is at a considerable discount; and it is thought that hay will no longer be made while the sun shines. One thing, however, may be safely asserted, that the landlords will bring in a bill to compel the people to eat oats in the place of the coach-horses, and to force the coachmasters to heat their furnaces with the best wheat.

These are a few of the current opinions at this present writing; and if it is to be hoped that the reader will not lay the matter to our door, should they change before this paper sees the light.

“Rede me and be not wrothe,
For I say nothing but the trothe.”

New Monthly Magazine.

NATURE.

How grand is nature
In the great work, tho’ not an atom rests,
Order prevails.

CYMBELINE.

Notes of a Reader.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1830.

As we have already done the “Annual” state some service by way of announcement, and have hitherto remained quiet respecting our own pretensions, we shall be excused the egotism of introducing the *Arcana of Science and Art* for 1830. As the character and interest of “our” Annual are not of an ephemeral, though certainly of inventive and imaginative description, we do not strive, like our gayer compeers, to appear before the close of the year; but to include all its most important facts. Indeed, to borrow part of our sub-title, the “instruction and amusement” promised by the plan, gained us an extensive inquiry for the first volume for 1828, which has continued to the present moment, when the work is just at press for the third time. The sale of the volume for 1829, of which more ample provision was made, has been still greater; and this encourages us to anticipate an increased demand for the forthcoming volume for 1830.

The printing is nearly completed, and upwards of Thirty Engravings are finished. The Mechanical and Chemical divisions are as copious as last year; but the Natural History Collections, as well the Rural Economy and Geographical divisions exceed those of the volume for 1829. Zoology, especially, will form the most delightful as well as prominent portion of the new volume, and we may safely say that such an assemblage of interesting facts and illustrious names will hardly be found in any other “Annual.” As in our first preface we hoped to “follow the example of time,” so we have since noted all the most popular occurrences in every department of Science and Art. Utility and happiness, as well as entertainment, are the cubits that we strive to add to the world’s experience, and really our pursuit of knowledge for this little work, is a very pleasant alternation with our more playful caterings for the present pages. To call our *Arcana* the Annual *toy-book* of Science would be hardly fair; but its very amusing character almost justifies the name, while its pretensions to practice and the business of life are of a much higher order; and the continued sale of the volumes for 1828 and 1829 will bear us out in this observation.

CHINESE CRUELTY.

We copy the following from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 83, (*just published*):

In 1831, an Italian sailor, on board a vessel of the United States, accused of murdering a Chinese woman, was delivered up to the government and strangled, though perfectly innocent of the crime imputed to him.* The American captains and agents, whose commercial proceedings were put a stop to until satisfaction should be made to the government, persuaded this poor Italian, by name Terranova, that he would certainly be acquitted, and shortly restored to his ship! No sooner, however, was he in the hands of the Chinese, than a mock trial was instituted, at which not a single American was present. A body of the captains and officers of the East India Company's ships repaired to the Consol or Court-house, but were refused admittance, on the plea that, as the prisoner was an American it was no affair of theirs. It was afterwards learned, from some of the Chinese who were present, that after some questions put to the poor man, and the pretended examination of two witnesses, they produced a paper, which they advised him to sign, by imprinting the mark of his open hand upon it in red ink. They represented to him that this was merely a statement of the trial, which must be sent to Peking for inspection, and that on the return of an answer he would most likely be immediately acquitted. The unfortunate man, surrounded by strangers, and put off his guard by the fair promises of a principal security merchant, imprinted his hand on the paper. All further proceedings were instantly stopped—it was a confession of his guilt. Poor Terranova, still ignorant of his fate, was taken to prison, and, according to Chinese custom in condemned cases, his irons were taken off, and he had plenty to eat and drink. On the fourth or fifth day after, the security merchants who attended his trial visited him, and told him that a reply had been received from Peking (distant

1,200 miles), and that it was necessary he should go into the city, and hear the result. The wretched man, in high hopes of a speedy liberation, cheerfully obeyed; he was taken into the city, and the first intimation he had of his cruel fate was, the executioner and implements of death before him, with the heads of decapitated Chinese, hung round an open space crowded with native spectators. He uttered a cry of despair, and was understood to protest his innocence, and to implore the sight of a European or American. The executioner paid no attention to his outcries, but immediately proceeded to strangle him, according to the horrid Chinese mode, by the gradual tightening of ropes from the lower extremities upwards. His bones were all broken, and the mangled remains of the victim delivered up to the American consul! This officer, a man of honour and feeling, as we have before observed in reference to the same case, disgusted at the conduct of his interested and disunited countrymen, threw up his commission instantly; and even the lower orders of the Chinese expressed contempt at the willing blindness and credulity of the employers of the miserable Italian, who, to secure their own individual profits, persuaded the ignorant man to trust himself to a Chinese tribunal, divested, as they must have well known from the past, of all justice and mercy towards white strangers.

BRINGING DOWN THE BIRD. †

This diversion, or exercise, of firing at a mark with a rifle is much followed in Switzerland, the valleys of the Tyrol, and Piedmont. He that makes the best hit carries away the prize; and, on almost every occasion, popular dances are twin sisters to this amusement. But there is probably no spot where they were attended with such festivity, and embellished with such bland and joyous customs, as under the sky of Chambéry. Its company of noble knights-riflemen, or of marksmen, is of very ancient date. In the earliest times they handled the bow; to this succeeded the cross-bow, and to the latter the rifle. The knights assemble with great parade, and their first act is to attend divine service; then they adjourn to a cheerful repast; and, that dispatched, the lista are opened. The mark consists of a bird, either carved in wood, or painted on card.

* The Chinese government has pretended that "foreigners shall be tried and sentenced according to the established laws," but due experience has too plainly shown that they are not so tried or punished,—but seized only to be strangled after a mock trial. Every legal safeguard given to the native is withheld from the stranger. After being capitally condemned, every native prisoner (except in aggravated cases of treason, &c.) is allowed the benefit of the delay arising from an appeal to the emperor himself, by whose warrant alone he can be executed. This benefit, by a most infamous enactment, passed in 1753, at the recommendation of the local government of Canton, was expressly taken away from foreigners!

† The Popinjay of our own country, not much more than a century old.—*Ed. Foreign Literary Gazette*.—For a description of this ceremony, see *The Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 212.

The contest is decided by striking a spot distinctly traced upon its breast. Every marksman fires in his regular turn; and when all have discharged their pieces, the band begins *de novo*.—As soon as a bullet has hit the mark, the party on the watch throws his cloak over the wounded bird; the judges examine the hit; and after ascertaining it to be decisive, proclaim the successful knight king of the festival. The first act of this regal dignity is to choose to himself a consort; and for this purpose he is presented with the rose (*rosa*), from which he must make his exclusive election. The name of so lovely a flower as this has been very pertinently bestowed upon a galaxy of six maidens, whom the cognoscenti select every year from amongst the most lovely flowerets of the environs. The bringing down of the bird is, in fact, but the opening or foretaste of the festivities. The band of knights, after the victor is proclaimed, march in procession through the streets of the town, amidst hurrahs, bursts of applause, and merry-makings. The whole country is in motion, and presents one general scene of mirth and frolic. Thence follow serenades; and balls, where joyousness presides; and suppers, whence care and boisterous presumption are banished as intruders.—But I have forgotten the peculiar zest of this festal scene. In the composition of the rose, three maidens are of patrician and three of plebeian birth. If the king be of noble extraction, he is bound to select a citizen's daughter for his queen; and if of ignoble parentage, a noble scion must become his bride. The same rule obtains in the processions: every burgher has a noble lady on his arm, and every dame of civic rank a patrician partner. This law was instituted with a view to attemper the animosity at all times existing in a society where privilege has given birth to so marked an inequality of conditions as once disgraced the soil of Savoy.

The queen presented her spouse with a favour of ribands, and the king greeted his consort with a bunch of flowers: they led off the dance, and were treated with all due honours and courtesies. The last celebration of this custom took place in 1788.

COURTSHIP.

In some of the more reclude hamlets of Savoy, a custom of wooing obtains, which appears to be of Celtic origin. The accepted lover presents himself first beneath the window, and afterwards on the thresh-

hold of the cottage. At length the maiden introduces him stealthily, during the night, into her chamber: she then lies down, and her innamorato sits on the edge of the bed. Love, which has power to move the rudest souls, presides over their tender, but innocent colloquies. This is the way in which the ties of matrimony are contracted; and it is alleged, that no instance has occurred where modesty has been compelled to throw a veil over her brow during these nocturnal meetings: evidently from the simple-heartedness of primitive manners. They term it "*courir la trosse*."

PARIS REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

It was stated some time ago that a subscription was being raised in Paris for an institution to do away with mendicity in that capital. We are glad to find, by a recent letter, that the subscription filled rapidly, and that a large building is now ready for the reception of beggars, of both sexes, after an examination by a commissary of police, to ascertain that they are unable to obtain work, or too infirm to perform it. Immediately after their admission they are required to bathe, and are then decently clothed; their old clothes, if not entirely worn out, being sent to be cleaned. They are well fed on bread, soup made from the gelatine of bones, and the quality of which is said to be excellent; and each person has an iron bedstead, paillasse, a woollen mattress, a bolster, two blankets, and a pair of sheets. There are now two hundred beds of this description, and the building is capable of containing four hundred. The men and the women are kept separate; and every one who is capable of labour has work to do, according to his or her profession—the surplus of earnings, after deducting the expenditure, which is on the lowest possible scale, serving as an accumulating fund for individual benefit. The daily food of each consists of a pound and a half of bread, soup, and vegetables; and on Sundays there is the addition of meat, with little indulgences, according to the state of health of the inmates. This benevolent institution, which is calculated to provide for four hundred persons, who had no other means of subsistence than begging, has been erected with a subscription amounting to less than 16,000*l.* sterling.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

* This very much resembles the ancient Gaelic custom still preserved in Wales, under the common name of *bundling*!—Ed. *Foreign Lit. Gaz.*

MOUSE SAUCE.

M. CAILLIE, in his "Travels in Timbuctoo," says—"As I had not yet breakfasted, I went to a Bambara woman, who was pounding boiled yams; I bought some of her for a few glass beads; and she gave me separately, in a small pot, some gombo sauce. On dipping my yams into this sauce, I discovered, to my great mortification, some little paws, and immediately ascertained that the sauce was made of mice. However, I was hungry, and I continued my meal, though, I must confess, not without some feelings of disgust. The negroes, when they take their yams without sauce, never mash them; those which I bought from the negress were ready prepared. In the evening I saw many women chopping mice to make sauce for their suppers. I observed that they gut the animals, and without taking the trouble of skinning them, merely draw them across the fire, to singe off the hair. Thus prepared, they lay them in a corner of the hut; and it is not unusual to keep them there for seven or eight days before they are cooked. The mice which make their way into the jars of millet, are caught by the women and children, without the aid of traps.

TALLEYRAND.

ON a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth—the latter none at all. "If Madame S—," said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day entrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant; and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer: he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

Spirit of Discovery.

FIRE-PROOF DRESS.

THE Chevalier and philanthropist, Aldini, of Milan, has lately gathered round him the scientific circles of the metropolis. At the Royal Society he exhibited his anti-caloric apparatus; some experiments also were gone through, which appeared to satisfy as well as to surprise. It was at the Royal Institution, however, where the Chevalier's plans were fully and fairly developed; the first night of the session (Jan. 22,) having been devoted to a lecture, by Professor Faraday, on this important and not less interesting subject. Mr. Faraday informed his auditors that the Chevalier had succeeded in spinning and weaving the asbestos into a species of cloth, a beautiful specimen of which covered a table in front of the lecturer. This piece, said Mr. Faraday, is the largest that has been manufactured since the days of the ancient Romans, and probably larger than any among them. The body is covered with this material, over which a dress composed of metallic tissue is placed; the latter, or outer covering, intercepts flame, and is nothing more than the wire gauze of Sir Humphry Davy. With an asbestos glove on his hand, we saw Mr. Faraday—though, as he said, he was a young fireman—grasp red-hot iron for a considerable time; nay, even a heavy piece of that material, somewhat resembling a brick in size, also red-hot, he carried, on the palm of his hand, for several minutes, without experiencing more than a slight degree of heat. But the most surprising feat was left for an Italian fireman, nephew of the Chevalier, we are told. This young man, equipped in an asbestos mask and a helmet of tissue, kept his head, and especially his face, completely enveloped in a stream of flaming gas for six or eight minutes; on taking off his wire helmet and mask, he (coolly) wiped his face, as if he had breathed incense for so many minutes. We never heard applause greater in any scientific assembly than attended this experiment. From what we have said, it will appear that the Chevalier's plan is to clothe firemen, or others, so that they may be able to enter burning habitations and save human life or valuable property. Half-a-dozen suits, we are told, have been constructed of this material, and are deposited with the municipal authorities of Paris. The Chevalier disclaims all eye to profit; and when we inform our readers that he

is now upwards of eighty years of age, and that the best part of this long life has been spent in attempts to disarm fire of its terrors, for the greater safety of his fellow-creatures, we think that the term philanthropist is not misapplied. We perceive he is a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

"ORDINARY" JOKES.

DINING one day at an ordinary, in a country town, I was much amused with the following incident. At the upper end of the table sat a farmer, with a gentleman of the same occupation on his right, and a lawyer on his left. There being a couple of fowls before him, he civilly took one on his own plate to carve for the company, and in civility to himself, he popped a tit-bit into his own mouth; the farmer on his right likewise followed the example, by taking the other fowl in the like manner; the lawyer being somewhat witty, probably had a mind for a joke, for turning to the premier farmer, he asked him "if he knew the game of Draughts?" "Why," said the other, "I understand a little about it." "Well, then," returned the lawyer (putting his own fork into the fowl on the farmer's plate) "I shall huff you for not taking two when they were before you." Another circumstance, equally curious, happened in a similar situation. A gentleman sitting opposite a quarter of lamb, undertook to carve it, and cutting off the shoulder, put salt, pepper, and lemon as usual, without asking the rest of the company if they were agreeable. A gentleman on his right hand immediately took out his snuff-box, and deliberately strewed some on the meat; the carver much surprised, asked him what he meant by his impertinence? "Sir," said the gentleman, "what I don't you like snuff?" "Certainly not," said the carver, "Nor do I like pepper," replied the other.

W. C. MONTGOMERIE.

TO GRAZE THE SKIN—WHENCE THE TERM.

GRASS hearth, the grazing or turning up the earth with a plough, whence the customary service of the inferior tenants of the manor of Amersden, in Oxfordshire, to bring their ploughs and do one day's work for their lord, was called *grass hearth*, or *grass hurt*, and we

still see the skin is grazed, or slightly hurt; and a bullet *grazes* any place when it gently turns up the surface of what it strikes upon.

C. K. W.

MOTTO TO THE SALAMANDRINES AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WOULD not the following old quaint motto be worthy a place over the fire-places in the Rotunda, at the Bank of England?

"Stand aside, 'tis every one's desire,
As well as yours, to see and feel the fire."

P. T. W.

MR. BROUGHAM

Now and then relapses into a Bar recollection. The following is his best, and as such, his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court:—

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I've pretty sure the defendant threw it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

EPIGRAMS.

CLOE has merit some allow,
Merit she has, indeed, 'tis true,
But Cloe's words and Cloe's brow,
Declare that Cloe thinks so too.

MISS CRESSY's claims are numberless;
'Twere vain, quite vain, to count them
o'er;

But did she strive at pleasing, less,
I'll lay my life, she'd please us more.

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